

## Watching Over Her

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Summary: This story takes place between the season two finale and season three opening. Erin is off drinking, partying and hiding from her troubles while Halstead worries about her.

## Watching Over Her

Jay stared down at his drink, the chatter and laughter of the bar patrons slowly drowning out as he got lost deeper in his thoughts. "Where is she?" he thought to himself as the seat next to him was empty. She should be here. He sipped his whiskey. His phone buzzed, he grabbed it with anticipation, hoping it was her. Finally, she's calling me. He answered, "Hello?" The line was quiet. "Erin?" He heard a click in the line as his phone beeped to the ended call.

The laughter and clinking glasses began to creep its way back into Jay's head, slowing bringing his attention to what was going on.

"Oh! That left hook that you gave Simmons!" Ruzek roared as he lifted up a drink in cheers to Dawson. "Wasn't that the best thing you've seen?"

"Jay?"

"Jay!?"

Jay snapped out of his daze, "What?"

"That left hook that Dawson flew into Simmons?"

Jay chuckled, halfheartedly, "Yeah, it was pretty good."

"Pretty good!?"

"That was some damn badassery! That's how you take down the bad

guys!" Ruzek laughed, again raising his drink, as Dawson clanked his shot glass against his.

Ruzek and Dawson started talking about the latest Bulls game as Jay tried to follow and get into the conversation but lost interest quickly and went back to staring into his drink. He didn't even notice when Olinsky sat on the empty barstool beside him.

"You okay, bud?" he asked, setting his beer on the table.

Jay glanced over to him and nodded.

"You hear from her yet."

Jay simply shook his head.

"She'll turn up, don't worry. After everything that's gone down, she's just gotta blow off some steam."

With a bitter mix of sarcasm and disgust, Jay said "For two and half weeks?" He furrowed his brow, "That's a hell of a lot of steam, O."

Olinsky patted Jay on the back as he got up, "Don't worry about her Jay. Everything will work out."

Jay headed to the men's room, standing in the hall as the muffled noise from the bar tried to punch its way through the walls. He leaned against the wall, feeling the bass of the music as it thumped, almost matching his heartbeat. He pulled his phone, opening his contacts and heading to the favorites section. At the top of the list was Erin Lindsay. He selected her name, smiling slightly at her face that was the contact picture which appeared, remembering the moment that photo was taken. The moment that was captured, the happiness they shared before all the pain happened. Before the death of Nadia and before Erin turned her back on everything important to her.

"Oh, screw it", he said as he hit the green call button. The line rang a few times before going to voicemail. "Dammit, Erin." he whispered as he put the phone back into his pocket and headed back to the bar.

He passed the guys at the table and Atwater called out, "Hey, man, where you going?"

Jay stopped, turning, "My brother called, wants to meet up, I gotta hit it."

Heading out the door, Jay kicked himself for lying to his friends but he had something to do. Something more important, something more personal that he didn't want to share with them.

\* \* \*

><p>Jay was parked in the shadows on a side street. He sipped from a cup of coffee, watching the club as people filed in and out, laughing drunkenly.<p>

He tapped his phone, the screen lit up reading \_2:14 AM. \_

He fought back a yawn and rubbed his eyes, then moving to the back of his neck which was tight, groaning as he ran his fingers over his skin.

His eyes moved back to the front doors of the club, scanning the faces of the people in line and those coming out.

Finally, he spotted who he was looking for. Erin cumbered her way out, hanging onto the shoulder of a man and laughing. They passed the line of people, almost falling to the ground twice and laughing raucously. She headed to a parked car but the man turned her around, leading her to the side of the building and pushing her up against the wall, kissing her.

Jay's tired eyes widened as his hand went for the door handle, ready to run out and kill him, or so that is how he imagined it in his head. His hand left the door handle when he saw Erin wrap her arms around the man and willingly return the kiss.

He sighed as he watched them making out. Every minute that passed, he swore he could feel his heart breaking just a little more. Not just by seeing the love of his life with another man but to see Erin in this way. This was not the woman he knew, this was not his partner.

Her soul was lost, possessed by pain, fed with alcohol and shackled to guilt.

Finally, they moved to the car, the man opened the passenger door, trying to herd Erin in but she denied his invitation. He tried again but she pushed him away, turning and leaving. The man became angry and shouted at her, but she ignored him and kept walking. He then got into his car and burned rubber out of the parking space.

Jay was tempted to call CPD and give them a heads up but instead kept his eyes on Erin as she walked to her car. "Oh, come on, Erin. You're not going to add drunk driving to your list of stupidity, are you?" he groaned. She reached for her keys and stood by the passenger door. She was tired, resting her head on the top of the car.

"Come on", he whispered, "Make at least one smart choice tonight"

Jay sighed with relief as she hailed a taxi which he promptly followed to its destination.

\* \* \*

><p>Jay pulled off a few parking spaces back and watched as Erin got out of the taxi and slowly took her apartment steps, one by one, holding onto the rail. Her alcohol levels impairing even the simplest task, it took her a full two minutes to find her keys and insert it into the lock.<p>

Jay watched as the door closed and the lights turned on. The night sky was just beginning to lighten into dawn, he again checked his phone, \_4:46 AM. \_

He sighed. \_I have to be at work in less than two hours, \_he thought to himself. When her apartment went dark, he headed home, taking a

quick shower and changing into a clean set of clothes and getting but a few minutes of sleep before his phone alarm went off.

\* \* \*

><p>Jay was pouring himself another cup of coffee in the break room. "Isn't that your fourth?" Ruzek asked, checking the fridge for leftovers.<p>

Jay shrugged, ignoring his growing caffeine addiction, he leaned back on the counter. "So, everything go good with your brother?" Ruzek asked, taking a tupperware bowl of leftovers out.

Jay furrowed his brow, "What?"

"Last night, you said you were meeting your brother?"

Jay remembered the lie, 'Oh, yeah, yeah. It was fine, nothing special"

Olinsky made his way into the room, his eyes stopping at Jay, looking him up and down.

"What?" Jay asked, annoyingly

"Youâ€|look like crap", Olinsky flatly said.

Jay opened his mouth to lash with a dry comeback but instead tried to fight back a yawn that forced its way out.

Ruzek laughed, "Looks like somebody didn't get any sleep. Must have been busyâ€|" he stopped mid-sentence and twirled his fork in the leftover spaghetti, "\_meeting his brother", \_putting slow emphasis on the words and slowly looking up at Jay and raising his eyebrow.

Jay was about to call Ruzek out on just what he was implying when Dawson stuck his head in the doorway, "Hey, Jay? Sergeant Voight wants to see you in his office. \_Now.\_"

Jay nodded and by hearing the way Dawson had said \_now\_, he bee-lined it straight there.

\* \* \*

><p>"Sarge, you wanted to see me?"<p>

Hank nodded.

>Jay stepped into the office as Voight said, "Close the door." He did then stood at the head of the desk while Voight flipped through some files in the filing cabinet and shuffling them and then placing them on his desk. He turned and faced Jay, resting his arm on the cabinet, staring directed at Jay and saying nothing.<p>

Jay shifted his weight, swallowing and then standing almost at attention. It seemed an eternity before Voight finally spoke, "I've told you before of the expression, \_10% of the cops, do 90% of the work? \_

Jay nodded.

"I'm adding that those 10%, need to \_be \_100% to do that work."

"Do you get my meaning, Jay?"

"I can't have my detectives putting in full shifts and then running around all night babysitting."

"Sergeantâ€|" Jay started

Voight cut him off, "What you do in your personal time is your own business but if that starts affecting your work, I have to step in. Do you understand?"

Jay tightened his jaw muscles and nodded his head once.

Voight's tone softened a bit, "Erin is a big girl. She doesn't need anyone watching her. I appreciate what you did butâ€|" he sighed, "she's going through hell right now, hell that she needs to work out on her own. There's nothing you or I can do right now, we just have to wait for her."

"Yes, sir." Jay quietly said.

"I want you to take the rest of the afternoon off, go home, get some sleep. I want you at 100% when you walk through those district doors tomorrow, you got it?"

"Yes, sir."

Jay turned and started to open the door but stopped, asking, "Voight, how did youâ€|"

"I was parked outside her apartment." Voight said, already knowing what he was about to ask.

-end

End  
file.